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August 9/87
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IN MEMORIAM

HIBBERT BINNEY,

Fourth Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Holloway Bros., Printers, 69 Granville St., Halifax.

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IN MEMORY

OF

HIBBERT BINNEY,

FOURTH LORD BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Born August 12th, 1819. Died April 30th, 1887.

"He was a man, take him for all in all we shall not look upon his like again."

The Church is putting on her festal robes,
In glad commemoration of the day,
When in this Mother Diocese of ours
Her great Episcopate took root and grew.
To-day—her children gather at her call,
In grateful adoration at His feet;
Who blessed the tender grain of mustard seed
Planted in faith an hundred years ago—
Until its goodly branches fill the land;
And underneath its shadow we can see,
The dear old English Church secure and strong
Her heritage increased a thousand fold!

We keep with gladness this Centennial feast,
And yet with sorrow; as our hearts recall
One, who looked forward to its dawn with joy—
One, whose long years of work, and prayer, and faith,
Broke up this fallow ground in which we stand,
And made it ready for the harvest time—
Whose birthday on the twelfth of August holds
This day in life-long memory to us
One who in manhood's early strength took up
The Pastoral Staff, nor held it once in rest—
One who grew old with us, through toil and pain,
Who laid his hand upon our children's heads
And blessed them as they made their vows their own—
Who gladdened marriage feasts, and knelt with us

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Beside our dying, and around our dead ;
Bringing us tender comfort out of loss,
By his most precious gift of sympathy—
Chief Pastor, Ruler, guide and loyal friend,
Hibbert, fourth Bishop of this Nova Scotian See.

His brave strong soul, through many a bitter storm
Stood at the helm, for thirty six long years—
Under his care the Church took on new life ;
The little sapling grew into a tree,
Whose "time of figs" not always crowned the leaves.
Feeling life's great responsibility,
His energy, his will, his intellect
Were always keen and ready, set for use,
And used ungrudgingly ;—Through wrong and loss ;
His work was duty, and his labour prayer.
Men called him, hard, imperious and austere,—
We knew him loyal, tender, staunch and brave,
Loving in sorrow, liberal in need,
Earnest in counsel.—*We* who loved him well,
Can see him still—grand central figure there.
Misunderstood by friends, misjudged by foes ;
Uncompromising when by wrong assailed :
But tender as a child to love's appeal,
Never remembering injury or wrong,
But keeping sweet forgiveness in his soul
To fall on others as the dew from heaven.
Yet worn by disappointment,—sorely tried
By sense of failure when success seemed sure—
And when the sunset of his life drew near
Hounded to death by base and cruel men
Trust meeting treachery, and pardon scorn—
Their malice could not touch his valiant heart
But the worn casket yielded to the strain.
His loyal soul stood ever in the light
The darkness came from those who would **not** see.
He died in harness, as true men would die—
Working while yet his hand found work to do,
Nor laid his weapons down—until the dawn
Of a glad Easter found that work all done—
One hour in rest, he waited by the shore
Of the great ocean of Eternity.
And we who loved him, prayed him long to rest—
Still serving, as he waited for the tide
That bore him onward, upward unto God !
One moment here—the next he entered in
And laid his burden at the Master's feet—

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Our straining ears could hear the glad "Well done,"
Ring through the jasper streets of Paradise;
As the dear Lord His faithful servant led,
Into the fulness of His changeless rest.

We saw him in the Chancel's tender gloom ;
Laid in the majesty and peace of death—
The hands were still—so often lifted up,
To bless his people in that holy place—
Peace on his face, and sunshine on his lips ;—
More than at rest—he seemed a conqueror now—
And as we watched him through our blinding tears,
And took a last long look of that dear face,
Whose massive brow and crown of silver hair,
For years had been familiar to us all,
We said "Thank God! his battle day is done,
His cross laid down at last, and he at rest!"

Others may come, and we may hold them dear ;
Others may enter in, where he has toiled,
And reap the harvest of the seed he sowed,
In patient watchfulness and faith, and tears—
Others may work, and bring their precious sheaves,
But *we*, who grew from youth to age with him ;
Who shared his friendship, and who loved him well,
Who fought his battles, and who stood by him
In dark and evil days, in storm and peace.
Whose need was lessened by his generous hand ;
Whose hearts were lightened by his tender words ;
Whose tears beside our dead were dried by him ;
Whose burdened souls have turned to Christ's dear Cross,
Led by his words, to find our pardon there,
We who have brought our little ones to him
For Baptism and Confirmation's Grace—
Have heard his teaching ; knelt with him in prayer,
Received our daily blessing from his lips ;
And rained our tears upon his quiet grave—
Our life's *one* Bishop, pastor—guide and friend ;
We still must hold most dear in memory,
In reverent honour and in tender love
Hibbert fourth Bishop of this Nova Scotian See.

M. J. K. L.

August 12th, 1887.